

Super Duds

Dennis Frawley
Bob Rudnick

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The pop world is crashing under the plastic bravado of its self-praise, musical solipsism and commercial orientation which leads toward a strict class separation and a degenerate, bullshit path of “mature sophistication,” alcohol, drugs, elitism, stardom, show business, artiness, campfire music, jiveness, an asinine sense of historical importance, and a superficial future consigned to trends, megalomaniac celebrities, and industry-induced myths. A Neo-Roman decadence has internationally seized the music of Youth—fun, freedom, and change.

Temporarily stealing the music of our culture and confining the spirit of the people with bogus definitions of contemporary sounds and ignorance of its essence, importance and power (except financial) are the Press Relations Perverts; trend sniffers, fringe freaks, juvenile, racial and cultural exploiters; and side—burned mustached opportunists all of whom display the proper symbols, subvert the language and exhibit a dubious creative drive that propagates control, establishes boundaries, diverts talent and heaves obstacles into the forceful rampaging, free flowing rivers of the emerging youth culture.

Impeding the flux with archaic solutions, an obedience to established economic and social patterns and an ego-centered, individualistic production of artificial reverse directional streams, rotting nonfertile plateaus constructed in the death society's image, and anti explanations about the emergence of a new culture spearheaded by youth's music.

The only absolute in nature is change. And the spirit of the people will survive the establishment manipulation of their music, the unnatural forging of its personality and the maliciously purposeful distortion of its definitions.

Once again, the people are being alienated from their modes of communication. Instead of music coming from the people, it is being given to them. Packaged for consumption with the inherent joyous spirit bleached out.

Rock n' Roll equals youth. From its 1950s beginning, it served to bring us together, break our bonds to move freely, instill a natural, healthy, strong sexual drive. Rock n' Roll equals coming together.

It doesn't seem possible that the current wave of popular music has evolved from it.

Sitting, legs crossed, concert-like, no—smoking uptight atmosphere, watching the supposed “super” human beings, nobility demonstrating technical proficiency. During some dimensional time warp, musicians stopped being entertainers and started being superstars.

Who is responsible for programming minds (musicians and ours) to forget San Francisco's rebirth of people's music? Acid freaks played music for all their brothers. Everybody got stoned. Had fantastic time. Got Stoned! Danced. Moved. Loved. Band, audience = ONE.

What is this shit? Pay 5 bucks, sit down in some seat for hours; some bands just play their albums; some jack-off endlessly; some bored with their own music, hate each other and plan to split up after sucking more bread from fans. Don't even dig audience. Creative in studio, not stage. Colorless performance; maybe they are good technicians, proficient. Visually nothing. No thing. Fuck that shit. I want a show.

Royalty and Pop Music Synonymous. Bullshit! All Kings and Queens suck.

The hierarchy of pop is as bogus, impotent, and as obsolete-as any aristocracy. Fuck elitism. Musicians are people, must not forget.

Areas invaded by rock vibes are liberated territories. Musical occurrences are cultural events. Festivals of Life bringing the community together to have a good time. Religious happenings. Musicians are holy men (John Coltrane, Sun Ra, Albert Ayler, Pharoah Sanders).

Fuck all the Pop Mystic, Underground. Music and Progressive Rock. It's all a ruse—the money—fame sickness, a germ spread by noncreative capitalism to strip our communities of inspirational leadership. I ain't kidding.

They extracted the germ of degrade from Judy Garland, and then shoot it into Janis Joplin's mainline.

The ogre of materialism-cum-imperialism, with its efficient tactic of genocide, must not destroy our emerging culture. Decadence is the last fling of a decaying, corrupt society, but our music can be a fortress against bourgeois perversion.

It can free us from totalitarian chains of inhibition, paranoia, insecurity and depression. Working the way it should, our music is dangerous to the ingrained patterns and rigidity of the honky death culture.

It is the best means of communication we have. Use it to express emotion, energy, love.

The sound is a magnet for solidarity.

fifth Estate

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